Theological Seminary,

THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE BRAVE HEART.

Strengthen my heart, O God,
For the strain of another day,
When work begins and the toilful hours
Leave never a space to pray.

Quiet my heart, O God,
Though the fever and fret increase,
To know in its deepest solitude
The springs of inner peace.

Lighten my heart, O God,
To sing on a weary road,
That some may listen and smile beneath
The crush of the whelming load.

Strength and courage and peace,
I ask them, Lord, of Thee,
For these are the angels set to guide
O'er the way that I cannot see.

—Grace Duffield Goodwin.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The seventy-fifth anniversary catalogue of Oberlin College is a unique publication of the kind. It contains the names of all of the students from the time of the founding of the institution in 1833. Considerable information is given concerning the 697 teachers and officers during the years since 1833. A series of maps shows the grounds and the buildings at different years—1836, 1858, 1883 and 1898. The total number of students listed is 35,682. The number of graduates is 4.694.

The Abbe Loisy who was appointed recently to the chair of the history of religions at the College de France, in his opening lecture defined the attitude in which the study of religions should be approached as one of intelligent and benevolent impartiality. Impartiality no more implied indifference or scorn, he said, than in any other matter of history or science. Behind all the myths, cruelties, fanaticism, inertia, and reaction which disfigured the progress of religion lay the aspiration of humanity towards the ideal of a well-ordered society and of a satisfied conscience. This aspiration bore witness to the reality of moral good and the moral significance of the world. At the same time, this benevolent impartiality was compatible with an energetic reprobation of everything false and worthy of hatred. He met the question, why should we study false religions when we know the true one, with the answer that people know their own religion badly when they know no other. The science of religions, he said, could serve the end of no special theology, and special theologies were incompatible with the science of religions. Precautions had been taken to secure the lecturer against hostile demonstrations, but no disturbance took place, the audience being almost entirely composed of sympathizers with the Modernist movement.

The New York Post is of opinion that the snow-clad mountain peak in our Pacific Northwest, long known as Mt. Rainier, should cease to be known. Some correspondent takes issue with The Post as to this, and the editorial note in reply is: "The correspondent who objected to our remark that Mt. Tacoma is now, but should not be, called Mt. Rainier, doubtless voiced the feeling of many who think that since Vancouver "discovered" that snow peak and called it Rainier, as long ago as 1792, it should retain that name for all time. But if they will look at the facts more closely, they may easily find reasons for changing their minds. Mt. Tacoma has been called "the king of all our mountains, from the tourist's and artist's point of view," a mountain which "is seen from the very level of the sea, and therefore rears the whole of its three miles of sloping snow-fields and glaciers before the awed spectator.' If it is proper to name such a sublime mountain after any human being, it should be at least an American and not an obscure foreigner who actually fought against this country. Too much honor, surely, for Lord Rainier! Mt. Tacoma is the scenic lion of Seattle, and it is natural that its citizens should be loath to have it wear the same name as the rival city on the sound. But since Seattle has won in the race, could it not afford to be generous? However, this matter is not for the Seattleites to settle. Lake Tahoe was called—for a time—Lake Bigler, after a Califronia Governor; and the Hawaiian group was called—for a time—Sandwich Islands. Lord Rainier will in due time share the fate of Gov. Bigler and the Earl of Sandwich."

The refusal of the Radical branch of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ to entertain overtures for union from the main body of the church assembled last week in general conference at Canton, Ohio, is to be regretted. The division in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ occurred about twenty-five years ago. It was occasioned by that change in the constituions and articles of faith of the church which made it possible for persons who were members of secret societies to have membership therein. The change which was proposed by the general conference which met in Fostoria, O., in 1884, was submitted to the vote of the church and was carried by an overwhelming majority. A minority of about twenty thousand members at once set themselves in defiance of this action and carrying the controversy into the courts endeavored to have themselves declared the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and to hold all the property of the church. The decisions were against them, and they have since struggled along under all the adverse conditions natural to a small body of believers in these days. The membership is very little, if any, larger than it was twenty-five years ago. The rising generation has not deemed it wise to perpetuate a church founded on the distinctive feature of hostility to the secret orders, and so the organization has had but little growth. There are, however, many of the old war-horses still living and their influence was such as to defeat the effort to reunite. In a few years more these will have been taken up into a life in which they will have more enlightenment and when reunion does come they will from their homes over there rejoice with those who will rejoice here.

The present writer staid at a hotel in Chicago one night recently. When his valises had been carried up to his room the boy who performed this service waited evidently for the customary tip. He ddn't get it however. It is not an easy thing to do—to take a stand against this great nuisance. But many people have come to the conclusion that it is high time a concerted movement was made against it. The state superintendent of employment agencies in Illinois has discovered that all money given to employees in hotels and theaters in Chicago has to be turned over to a boss who gets them their jobs. One man

has the contract to operate the cloak-rooms of a large number of the foremost hotels and theaters. The boys under him receive a fixed wage of $5 to $7 a week, and it their gratuities do not average up to a certain standard they are dismissed. The superintendent estimates that, with fifty boys turning in an average of $5 a day, the contractor's profits amount to as much as $1,000 a week. A New York paper says that this tallies with New York experience. It was discovered at the time of the hotel porters' strike last year in New York that most of these men worked for a contractor, and turned in to him the tips received. The legislatures of the different states ought to legislate speedily against the tipping nuisance. Some commercial travelers' organizations have resolved to give battle to it. If the legislatures do not act, anti-tipping societies and the badges thereof will be the order everywhere.

CHILD RELIGION: ACTIVE AND PICTURESQUE.

Rev. A. B. Patten.

(Second Article.)

In God's providence the generations overlap just long enough for the old folks to give the young folks a start. We are to welcome the little coming guests before we as parting guests are sped on our way to another home.

We are considering the little child now,—the primary child; and we find that the first problem is not so much teaching as training. All formal attempt to teach principles may fail, but we can train the child's personality. We are to honor the child as a child. It was Froeble's passion to find the child's individuality and to give the child himself. It was Christ's enthusiasm to discover the kingdom of heaven in the child, and to set him in the midst. Then the child as a child is one of the prime forces of civilization. The hands that are rocked in the cradle rule the world.

We have noticed that it is our task to train first, child impulse, and second, child imagination, for the little fellow is an actor rather than a thinker, and he lives only with people and pictures. Let him play out his impulses and ratify them in wholesome activity, as far as they are right; only help him to rectify them as far as they are wrong. The home and the school must discerningly superintend his plays and deeds; and they may well rejoice that they have such lively material upon which to work. The saddest mistake is to suppress the child, rather than to help him to express himself in healthy ways. The trouble is the little folks are often too quick for us and we are too quiet for them. They need apt leadership more than they need sentimental love. The only way to be a true lover of children is to study to show yourself approved as a skillful leader of children.

Little by little the child's will enters into his exercises, and if they are good exercises or are well done, then his will becomes good will. Especially is this true, if he has been playing or acting with others, and has not played foul, but fair.

If the child's activity makes him moral; his imagination makes him religious. The two are not separated in fact. Religion must not be detached from the child's play world. Let us thank God that the little fellow knows no partitioning of the secular and the sacred. It is the shame of us older people that we too often live our lives in compartments. But what God has joined together no child puts asunder. His playroom is a pantheon. He may be a pagan, but he is no hypocrite. The child will welcome a religion that makes him marvel, but he will scout a religion that makes him mope. He must be allowed to take his playthings from the nursery to the sanctuary; or rather, the sanctuary must be made a nursery on a nobler scale, and the nursery must be made a sanctuary by spiritualizing its playthings. The normal child can have nothing to do with worship which is sombre or sanctimonious; but make religious symbols so many celestial playthings, and he may be led to worship with a relish and a will. Before long he will come forward out of the methods of a little pagan, and like Abraham leaving Ur of the Chaldees, will become a monotheist; and, while clinging to many forms and symbols, will grow into real spiritual worship, and become one of God's chosen people. The Hebrews could not be graduated all at once from nature worship to unalloyed spirituality. All though they confessed but one Jehovah God, their immaturity still required the graphic symbolism of altar, sacrifice, sacred fire, shewbread, incense and candlesticks. So the immaturity of the child requires the picturesque symbolism of the Christian kindergarten. Nature, art, and music may lift him to God. To nature-worship the race in its youth added hero-worship: in fact it has not forgotten to worship heroes even today. Children are speciaists at hero-worship. There need be little wonder that the Old Testament stories have perennial charm for them, since these stories bring to view with warmth and color the heroes of the world's surpassing religious struggle. And then they lead the children up to the story which surpasses all,—the story of the Hero of Calvary.

In the first-hand contact of life, the symbols that above all represent God to the child are mother, father, teacher and friend. The children are eager to make heroes of us. Their hero-worship ought to have ample challenge to blossom gloriously in every home and school. The child who worships his mother will naturally worship his mother's God. The child who trusts you,—mother, father, teacher, friend,—will naturally climb with you up the ladder of your faith to the bosom of the All-Father. Certainly with the child religion must be "caught, not taught." But remember that your religion finds him because he himself is religious by nature. Although the religious impulse grows through activity and symbolism, religion at heart, in the child as in us all, is instinctive, intuitive and immediate, and reason can neither make nor unmake it. It is the part of reason to recognize it, interpret it, and lead it into apt and noble expression.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

INSPIRATION: SCIENTIFIC AND SPIRITUAL.

Prof. John Wright Buckham.

That stimulating and reverent thinker, Auguste Sabatier, left a fertile suggestion in calling attention to "the profound affinity between religious and scientific inspiration." Not that Sabatier was the first to note this affinity. No one in the least acquainted with the history of science can have failed to feel it. "Nothing," continues Sabatier, "is more striking or touching than the kind of piety with which science inspires all great men of learning: Kepler, Descartes, Pascal, Newton, Pasteur. See their awe inspired by each discovery; follow Littre to the last headland of positive science. Why are they all of them plunged in solemn contemplation? What mysterious power bows before the ultimate and changes their ardent and victorious research into adoration. From a conquered truth, as from an accomplished duty or sacrifice, some mysterious perfume

exhales, which makes fragrant the whole soul life and gives it over to humility and joy. The pursuit of science is an integral part of religion. The true religion of science is not that which deifies ephemeral results or material power, but that which holds research itself to be holy, the steady ascent of the spirit toward the larger light."

All truth is, in the larger sense of the term, religious. All truth is inspired. But truth is not all on a dead level; it has plains and valleys and mountains. Truth is truth, but all truth is not the same in nature or in import. Water is water, but the mountain spring is not the broad ocean. Correspondence with reality is but a poor definition of truth. Truth consists largely in values, as Lotze showed. It cannot be divorced from its uses, as Pragmatism has declared. Not that truth is determined solely by value and usefulness, but value and usefulness enter into it. In other words, truth gets its final meaning and worth with reference to persons. Personality, and personality alone, furnishes the criterion of truth and its values. In this sense, man, as Protagoras said, is the measure of all things, but man, not in his empirical and individual capacity, but as a super-physical person, in relation to the Supreme Person and to other persons.

* * *

Inspiration belongs to truth only as truth pertains to persons and their relations. Impersonal truth, were there such, would be uninspired truth. The degree of inspiration depends upon the nearness of truth to persons, as such. The highest inspiration—that which we commonly mean when we say "inspiration"—cannot belong to scientific truth. It belongs only to moral and spiritual truth, because that touches us as persons most nearly. It is true, for instance, that the angles of a triangle equal two right angles, but the discovery of that fact gives the mind a certain kind of exhiliration (in most cases very mild). It is true that water consists of H_2O, and it is a truth of no little significance in its way, but it does not stir the inner man very deeply. But the truth that God is Love, if one really grasps it, sends a thrill to the depths of the soul and again and again awakens the intensest joy. Why? Because it is a truth of the most vital personal character. It has within it the power of personal transformation. Truths of all orders relate in some measure to personality, and thus have reality and worth, but the "truths that wake to perish never" are not merely physical or formal truths. The laws and facts of natural science have not only validity but sacredness, because they belong to the great whole of truth that Mind has consituted for itself, and yet they do not possess that degree of reality and intensity and direct appeal that characterize moral and religious truth. A large part of the inspiration of truth-discovery on the part of scientists is due to the fact that it is for the sake of humanity. Sometimes, as in the case of Kepler, it comes from reading God's thoughts after Him. Truth for truth's sake, if truth were wholly impersonal, would be quite devoid of inspiration.

* * *

Many books are truly and richly inspired. All books are inspired to the degree in which their authors are inspired. Comparatively speaking, treatises on pure Mathematics, or Greek roots, or Chemistry, are not as inspired or as inspiring as poetry or ethics, or sermons. And yet, a thorough-going scholarly book on any branch of science, however remote from human interests, may be far superior to a frothy book of poems or a lack-lustre volume of sermons. A genuine and firstrate treatise on a second-rate subject is better far than a formal and second rate work on a first-rate subject. Themes have no virtue unless men are back of them. When a pure and noble spirit kindles with a consciousness of the reality and worth and meaning of persons and personal relations, which is very truth of very truth, then and then only, is there inspiration of the highest sort, communicative, pervasive, ennobling. Such inspiration seizes language, as the richest form of expression, and breathes into it the life and ardor of the spirit. The Holy Spirit is in such inspired utterance, we say, and rightly.

Upon the basis of the spiritual character of the truth it presents and the uplifting, convincing, self-attesting nature of its presentation,—and upon no other,—the Bible takes its place as the inspired Book. Upon no adventitious, external claims can the church afford to rest its regard for the Bible. It is useless to prop up Cologne Cathedral with sticks and straws. Only when we have taken away all the scaffolding from the Bible will it display its full strength and splendor. Professor Mooar of Pacific Seminary used to say: "The Bible is inspired because it is inspiring." That is the doctrine of inspiration in a nutshell. Upon that ground and upon that only, the Bible as a whole will continue to hold its own, justifying the underlying reverence, but not the superstitious awe, with which our fathers regarded it.

Berkeley, California.

SOMETIMES BY ONESELF.

E. Clarence Oakley.

There are two natural tendencies in every man: the one, away from people; the other, toward people. Just as there are two laws in nature; the centrifugal, by which all objects in the universe strive to get away from every other object and the centripetal, by which all objects have an almost irresistible tendency to rush in upon each other and to become melted into one mass. This gravitation and repulsion of material things is a mystery; but it is by means of a just balance between these two, that we have an orderly universe.

A right equipoise between the human drawings and repulsions is also essential to a right humanity. We shall not have a normal man, nor a normal humanity, if there is an unfair advantage given to either tendency. The problem one has to solve is just this: how much to be with people and how much to be alone.

Fellowship has its advantages, and disadvantages: so likewise has solitariness. If one is too much with other people, he grows shallow: but if too much by himself, he grows narrow. Nor are narrowness and shallowness the only dangers to be faced. If one isolate himself continuously, his thoughts become one-sided, his vision is distorted, he verges on insanity. He suffers from an obliteration of normal distinctions: he is liable to exaggerations; he lay too much emphasis on single ideas. In a word he loses perspective, and without perspective the whole universe of matter and thought and feeling is an insane world.

So the man must fellowship his companions, in the earth. For fellowship gives sanity. But when you have said that you have said the best that can be said for it. Too much mingling with men to the exclusion of the solitary hours loses to a man his originality: his culture becomes parasaical: there is a servile dependence upon the rest. He may have saner conceptions, but they will be less virile. He will be a parrot, at the sacrifice of himself.

In one of his essays Montaigne says, "Nature has presented us with a large faculty of entertaining ourselves alone, and often calls us to it, to teach us that we owe our-

selves in part to society, but chiefly and mostly to ourselves."

There are two calls in life; and though it may sound paradoxical, both are supreme. The call of Self and the call of Society. Each has its inalienable rights. The wise man is he who responds commensurately to both; will answer the demand of duty to himself, also of duty to others. The man who ignores either call is an unwise man, and must inevitably fail in some degree in his mission.

Just now there is need that a special emphasis should be laid upon the value of Isolation. For it is a sign of the times that society demands everything. We err, if we err at all, chiefly and most easily on the side of mixing too much with men, and of being by ourselves too seldom. It has come to such a pass that we cannot read Dickens nowadays, except in reading clubs. It has also come to pass that we seldom commune with our own souls.

There is somewhat in us so high, so unworldly, that our nature cannot be satisfied with a continual companionship. "Whosoever is delighted in solitude," says Plato, "is either a wild beast or a god." It is because we are—not brutes—but divine, sons of God, that we must, like Jesus, "withdraw to a desert place apart." "In the morning, a great while before day, He went out and departed into a solitary place": this, says Austin Phelps, is an epitome of Jesus' character and life. To be alone—that was one of the necessities of his nature: and likewise of ours.

Professor Shaler some years ago wrote a careful article, proving that every land that was a cradle of the race was an isolated land: Greece, cut off by the sea and mountains; Italy, likewise; England, water-isolated; he might have added that Israel came to be the moral and religious power of the world, through a more strict isolation of both geography and ideas. What is true of nations is true of individuals. No man always with men attains to stalwartness, or ever fulfills his God-appointed mission.

The prophet was made by solitariness, very largely. To meditate alone was and is an immense factor in the God-revelation. The Voice speaks best in the quiet. Moses in Egypt would only be a great general and statesman; he had to spend years in exile in the loneliness of the desert to become God's prophet. The Psalmist communes with God under the stars, at the sheepfold, and under the day-skies on the hills alone, with the bleating flock, before he comes into his birthright of inspiration. He cannot think such thoughts and fathom such feelings, in the crowd.

The masterpiece of all poetry is "The Divine Comedy." There is no literature next to it. Two conditions made that great writing possible: Dante's deep love for Beatrice, and his lonely exile from his native and loved city of Florence. Out there on the hills overlooking the beautiful city, alone he dreamed out his pictures, beautiful and fascinating pictures of Paradise.

It has been noticed and attention has been called by many students to the fact that Milton became blind six years before he began writing his "Paradise Lost." Is it too much to say that his isolation by the loss of his sight was an essential condition of the writing of the poem! Stephen Phillips, England's greatest living poet, so interprets it. He says before he could have such visions as are discovered in the poem, he must have his eyes sealed to the hindering visions of the earth.

> "He who said suddenly, 'let there be light!'
> To thee the dark deliberately gave;
> That those full eyes might undistracted be
> By this beguiling show of sky and field,
> This brilliance that so lures us from the truth."

and again,

> " * * * * * When this recent world
> Was quite withdrawn, then burst upon thy view
> The elder glory."

It was only when Milton was 'blinded by a special lightning,' that he could become the messenger, out of his separateness, of the heavens.

One would not have to go far apace in literature and religion to find illustrations of this truth: they are teeming through all ages. The best thing that Richard Rothe of Heidelberg ever produced, he significantly entitled, "The Still Hour." It was the fruit of his isolations. It is a tribute to the idea that a man's best work is wrought out in the silence of his soul. Criticism lately has been made of Hawthorne's morbid loneliness all through his life. But Hawthorne may be easily excused on two pleas: the one is the persistent influence and example of his lonely mother; and the other,—he wrote Scarlet Letter. He never could have written that marvelous volume, had he not the habit of solitude.

It occurs to me that the atmosphere of irreligion today with many, is the result of over emphasis upon fellowshiping men. For really solitude is "the felt presence of Deity" and alone "an atheist half-believes in God." Being by one's self developes a mysticism, with out which there is no complete religious experience. The monastic impulse is natural, inevitable; and if yielded to in legitimate degree produces the background of faith. We need not become monks. Dr. Holmes said that his liking salt in his porridge was no good reason for pouring the sea over it.

For our best manhood we must seek the lone place and the sacred isolation. We must not forever be swept away by the social demands. One hour of thinking and feeling alone is worth ten in the multitude. "The world is too much with us" sang Wordsworth. The world must be with us proportionately. We are to test our silent hours by our fellowships. We are to correct our lone thinking by our brother's. Mysticism easily leads us astray; we get back to our bearings by companionship.

Isolation gives a man vision; association gives him perspective. He who is alone enters into the mysteries; he who mingles with men, gets sane adjustments. Vision and perspective—these are inspiration and sanity; and without them both man is only a half man. With the first and not the second, he becomes a fanatic, wild-eyed, inquisitorial. With the second and not the first, he becomes a materialist, a formalist, a dead and useless thing, but yoking his inspiration with his sanity, having his still hours and his hours of fellowship, he becomes a full rounded out manhood, doing and able to do his complete service to the world.

Oregon City, Oregon.

THE GENERAY ASSEMBLY AND THE SABBATH.

The Presbyterian General Assembly in session at Denver, Colorado, adopted the following concerning the Sabbath:

Resolved, That the General Assembly expresses its strong conviction that the sacred character of the Sabbath must be carefully and strenuously maintained, and to this end enjoins all ministers, officers and members of the Presbyterian

Church in the United States of America to exercise special care and faithfulness, and discourage holding funerals on that day.

Resolved, That the General Assembly reiterates its strong and emphatic disapproval of all secular uses of the day, all games and sports, in civic life as also in the army and navy, all unnecessary traveling and all excursions, and urges upon all employers of labor and captains of industry to recognize the need of the laboring man for his weekly rest day, and thereby insure his greater efficiency and happiness and the greater prosperity of both capital and labor.

Resolved, That the General Assembly urges on all families not to buy anything on the Sabbath, to plan for their servants on the Sabbath and to help them to fulfill their religious duties, and to pay laborers so that they may have Saturday afternoon to make provision for the Sabbath.

Resolved, That this Assembly heartily indorses the plan of the Saturday half-holiday, and recognizes it as tending to the better observance of the Sabbath.

Resolved, That the General Assembly hereby reiterates its emphatic condemnation of the Sunday newspaper, and urges the members of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America to refuse to subscribe for it or read it or advertise in it.

Resolved, That the General Assembly respectfully requests the faculties of colleges and seminaries, if the way be clear, to omit recitations on Monday mornings, so as to leave the Sabbath free from the felt necessity of some of the students to prepare their lessons on that day.

THE POPULATION OF SEATTLE.

[The attention of the country will be so drawn to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, June 1-Oct. 15, that this brief article from Mrs. Emma Parsons Josenhans, an old resident of Seattle, will be of interest to our readers.—Editor.]

One of the first questions which a traveling Seattleite hears after he crosses the Rockies is, "What sort of people have you out there?" His first impulse is to retort, "What sort do you suppose?" for upon him the fact that people are much the same the world over has been so impressed that it needs no demonstration.

Eight of every ten men one meets in Seattle have been wanderers, east, west, north and south; they are the adventurous ones from older civilizations, who have not been content to settle down quietly in traditional business-harness, but have sought adventure and fortune wherever conditions appeared most promisng, whether near or afar. More and more, because of natural advantages presented by this great Northwest Country, thousands of these men gather in Seattle, which, beside being justly called "the Gateway to Alaska and the Orient," possesses in itself inviting rewards for earnest and capable men.

The great majority of Seattle's citizens come from "The East," a general term for the entire country lying east of the Rocky Mountains. From New England and New York progressive young business men take their way westward; large numbers from Chicago and the Middle West; Minnesota, perhaps, of all the states furnishes the largest contingent. Nor must the army from the South be omitted, for every southern state is represented. The equable climate, forbidding disasters which make agricultural industries so uncertain in the Dakotas and Nebraska, is attracting farmers, who, for the sake of more certain crop prospects, are willing to engage for a second time in the hard labor of developing a new country. States west of these send comparatively small numbers of settlers.

Of the American population of the Northwest generally, of Seattle in particular, it may truthfully be said that nowhere in America will there be found men better equipped for large business undertakings. Thorough education, and previous experience along well established eastern lines, count for much. To these, in this country, is added an awakening of the mind to undreamed-of possibilities—a kindling of ambition—an intuitive grasp of conditions which comes only to men engaged in overcoming the certain obstacles confronting all who aid in developing a new field.

This intuition is misunderstood by outsiders It makes the westerner an optimist; to the unenlightened his utterances seem a perversion of truth—mere braggadocio; whereas, in fact, he has simply become so alive—so awake to the mighty opportunities surrounding him, that he cannot keep his knowledge to himself; he must proclaim it to his friends, and give them a chance to share in his own good fortune.

In spite of the thousands who have come, more than doubling the population in the last ten years, Seattle is still largely an undeveloped field; what is lacking now is not so much men as proper appreciation of the thousand and one industries clamoring for existence. Seattle is a city of young men; many have come at a sacrifice, in opposition to the counsel of cautious eastern fathers, who hesitate to trust "the boy" with "capital" until he shall have proved his own particular venture "a profitable investment." This is natural, and right. It is a pleasure to record that the majority of these "boys" are justifying their conviction; as a result, "eastern capital" is turning more and more to Seattle.

We know—for an eastern critic has published the statement—that "Seattle women compare favorably in point of culture, beauty and the art of correct dressing, wih their eastern sisters." Why should they not? They are of the same race, have had the same or equal advantages of education, and they receive copies of "The Delineator," La Mode" and other approved journals of fashion in ample time each month to enable them to keep their wardrobe up-to-date. Joaquin Miller, in a recent article, gives Oregon girls the palm for beauty of form and purity of complexion; Oregon being a sister state, we let his verdict stand unchallenged, although we believe that he must have passed through Seattle in the night.

The foreign population of Seattle deserves more than the brief mention possible within the limits of this article. Mongolians, Jews, Syrians, Armenians, Russians, Filipinos, Negroes, and English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Italians, French, Spanish, Welsh, Swiss, all these, and more, are here. Among them are a limited number of exceptionally gifted, educated, cultured men and women, types of the best civilization of the various countries represented. The rest are ordinary representatives of the working classes, orderly, law-abiding citizens for the most part, attending strictly to the effort to obtain a livelihood, comparing favorably in industry and thrift with our native American population.

Indians, with which eastern fancy still peoples western forests, are fast becoming extinct. Only a few remain, inferior members of the race, dwelling on government reservations, but coming to the city to sell their baskets and small carved trinkets, and to spend the money earned in the hop-picking season.

The colored population is so small as to be hardly noticeable, nor is it likely to increase to any great extent, as

the climate is unfavorable to the race, inducing that "misery in the bones" to which they are peculiarly subject.

Of Japenese we are said to have the largest colony in the United States; it is only just to say that they are bright, progressive, and quick to acquire western methods. The Chinese, also, although present in considerable numbers, are law-abiding and frugal, and as yet have given no cause for anxiety.

Of all the "strangers within our gates" the Scandinavians are most thrifty. They are strong of physique, industrious, and have a genius for economy which enables them not only to live comfortably upon small means, but to accumulate riches, where an American would barely exist.

Other nationalities represented equally merit special mention but lack of space forbids. It is enough to say that they constitue a factor of Seattle life interesting to the student of sociological conditions, of vital importance to those of us whose homes are here, and who have the highest interests of the city at heart. Whether these aliens are to become a menace or a source of strength depends largely upon the treatment accorded them by Americans.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

La Canada.—The second Sunday of the new pastorate, May 23, was marked by the organizing of a Christian Endeavor Society. New families are coming to the valley, and among the new young people are several Christian Endeavorers who bring to the new Society both enthusiasm and experience.

Santa Ana, California.—May 23, by invitation of the G. A. R., Rev. Charles H. Seccombe preached the memorial day sermon before a union congregation. In the evening a platform service was given in the Congregational church. Addresses were made by prominent citizens. Judge West spoke on "The Juvenile Court," Supt. Cranston of the city schools on "Character the Goal of Education, Editor Bungarten on "What America Expects of Her Young Men."

Martinez.—The Congregational church of this place has suffered a great loss in the death of Deacon Wolcott. Milton Webster Wolcott was born in Oneida county, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1837. Early in life he removed to Sabetha, Kansas, and twenty years ago he came to Martinez, where he resided continuously until his death, which occurred May 5, 1909. He leaves a wife, a son, W. M. Wolcott, and a cousin, Miss Redfield, to mourn his loss. Mr. Wolcott was deacon for 18 years. He possessed in his character and represented in his life the fine qualities of a genuine Christian. Quiet, unpretentious, he was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was a patient sufferer for several months when death came to his relief. When the end was drawing near, his one regret was that he had not accomplished more than he had for his Master, and he lamented that so many nowadays fail to remember their creator in days of their youth. A short funeral service was held at the residence Friday, May 7, conducted by Rev. E. Owens, after which the remains were taken to Oakland for cremation.

WASHINGTON.

By Charles F. Clarke, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.

Wenachee.—A preliminary organization has been effected and it is planned to commence services in the fall, in the meanwhile a location will be looked for. Dr. Greene and Mr. Scudder report a very interesting meeting with the Congregational ministers of Portland, May 24th.

Vancouver, Wash.—Lots for which $2,000 were paid by the Ladies' Aid Society are to be used for the erection of a five thousand dollar Sunday-school room. Twelve hundred dollars are already in hand and it is expected that work will be finished in the fall and then a pastor will be called.

Glenwood.—A fifteen hundred dollar church was dedicated May 23, which will be all paid for when a grant of four hundred dollars is received from the Building Society. So far there has been no regular pastor and for a while the church will be supplied from Portland, perhaps by Rev. B. H. Jones. It is hoped that by fall a settled pastor will be on the ground.

North Yakima.—Since the coming of Rev. E. A. King to North Yakima the first of February, forty-four members have been added and progress is marked all along the line; tne Brotherhood has undertaken to spend fifteen hundred dollars in repairing the building. The church will grow and take its place in the community. Mr. King is preaching a series of sermons in the mornings on the Bible, in the evening a biographical course.

Worden.—This church is just one year old and is self-supporting. It has built its church building and parsonage, costing about seven thousand dollars. The dedication took place May 16th, Mr. Scudder taking part in the afternoon service, which was in English. The morning and evening services were in German. Worden is a new town on the Milwaukee, about twenty miles from Lind. These people are German Stundists from Russia, of that Godfearing class pictured for us in the American Missionary for April.

Pastoral Changes.—Rev. W. T. Southerland goes to Meyer's Falls; Rev. T. W. Minnis to Wallula, Two Rivers and Attalia; Rev. R. H. Vrooman of Chicago Seminary to Lakeside; Rev. E. A. Munger to Pasco about June 15th; Rev. O. E. Reade of Warland, Wyo., to Almira; Rev. A. J. Baldwin of Plains, Mont., to Springdale; Rev. J. E. Tedford to Douglas, Alaska; Rev. Loudon to Stephenson; Rev. M. G. Babcock to Hope, Idaho; Rev. Skerry to Priest River, Idaho. All the Idaho churches connected with the Washington Conference now have pastors except Lewiston and Wallace.

Seattle, Edgewater.—Very interesting services were held in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the church. Rev. S. Freeland preached the anniversary sermon in the morning and at eight o'clock Prof. Clifford W. Kantner, Dr. Kantner's son, who has charge of the music of the church, conducted a musical service and Dr. Kantner gave an address on "The Stone Which the Builders Did Not Reject." On Tuesday afternoon thee was a reception, and in the evening an anniversary rally at which many members and friends of the church were present. Addresses were given by Dr. Samuel Greene, who was active in the organization of the church, on "How We Laid the Foundation;" by Deacon F. A. McDonald upon "How We Built Upon the Foundation;" by Mr. H. W. Carr, till recently the S. S. Superintendent, upon "What We Are Building Now;" by Miss Mabel Spry, President of the Y. P. S. C. E., upon "The Strength of Young Timber;" by Dr. Kantner on "Our Future Building," and by Rev. H. C. Mason of the University Church, upon "How Our Building Looks to our Neighbors." Letters were read from former pastors and Mrs. Ashworth, one of the six charter

members, was present. After a severe pruning of the roll Edgewater now numbers nearly three hundred members. It was the second English speaking Congregational church established in Seattle, and has been exceedingly prosperous, especially since the coming of Dr. Kantner three years ago.

Seattle, Queen Anne.—A service of Thanksgiving was held in celebration of the completion of the church edifice and many other gains during the past year. New pews had been put in, a floor laid in the Sunday-school room, a brick wall and a new stairway added. During the year the membership of the church increased 50 per cent, the Sunday-school 50 per cent, the income 50 per cent, besides taking care of the repairs, and the benevolences increased more than twice. At the thanksgiving service a debt of $500 was decreased to less than half. All this was certainly a cause for rejoicing by the entire church membership. A brief history of the church was given by A. P. Rushton; "The Building a Year Ago and Today" was the topic of Mr. T. A. C. Josenhans; Mr. A. P. Burwell brought greetings from the mother church; Rev. C. R. Gale, superintendent of the Seattle Congregational Church Extension Society, spoke on "What of the City?" Mr. W. H. Lewis spoke of the "Young People's Opportunity," and Rev. Edward Lincoln Smith brought greetings from "Our Older Sister." The music was a very enjoyable feature, the Queen Anne Quartette, the choir and Mrs. Lotta Ashby Othick, soloist, rendering several selections. Pastors and friends from many of our city churches were present. The hopes entertained when Dr. Sydney was called to this field a year ago have been more than realized and the church starts out on the second year of his pastorate greatly strengthened and better prepared than ever for the work in an important and gowing part of Seattle.

Seattle, South Alki.—An ecclesiastical council met May 15th, near where the first settlement was made that was expected to be the center of the greatest city on the Pacific Coast, to recognize and dedicate one of the churches of what is now the second city of that Coast. The center of the city is miles away from here, however. Dr. Greene acted as Moderator, and Rev. T. Elwell as Scribe. Mr. Geo. R. Baker read the records of the organization and so thoroughly had everything attended to that with unanimity and without delay the council voted to recognize. Rev. C. R. Gale gave the historic statement. A Sunday-school was started in the home of Mr. Baker, June 11th, 1905, with an attendance the first Sunday of twenty. In about a year and a half the Sunday-school was transferred to a school house, where it remained for two years, till the annexation to Seattle, when by the narrow and ancient policy of our in the main progressive school board it was compelled to move, though it was still nonsectarian, as the Board considers that school buildings are intended for nothing but school purposes in the narrowest sense, and so our vast investments in buildings, as in so many places, are idle the larger part of the time. The first preaching service was held by Rev. J. B. Orr, then pastor of the West Seattle church. A year ago a committee was appointed to secure lots and to erect a building. This was completed last October, and was dedicated without debt. Mr. Lewis brought words of greeting from the Seattle Church Extension Society, Rev. F. L. Van Horn from the Seattle churches, Rev. H. C. Mason from the Northwestern Association, Dr. Greene from the Sunday-school Society, Dr. E. T. Dunstan gave the right hand of fellowship and Rev. W. C. Kantner offered the recognition prayer. The membership is thirty-eight and few of our churches in the city have started with such good prospects. The community is rapidly growing with a very substantial people, and the leaders of the movement are enthusiastic, enterprising and wise.

Puget Sound Congregational Club.—The seventy-fourth meeting was held in the West Seattle Church May 26th. Through some mistake the hour of meeting was made so late that our friends from Tacoma could not attend and get a train home without omitting the address, consequently there were no Tacoma members present and evidently the Seattle members were somewhat affected, at any rate the meeting was not as well attended as usual. The ladies of the entertaining church prepared a very substantial and appetizing dinner, after doing justice to which the club began its session with a hymn and a prayer by Dr. E. L. Smith. The Secretary having moved from Seattle it was necessary to elect a successor, and Rev. E. D. Weage was chosen. The treasurer reported a goodly balance, which, however, would not look so good after the expenses of the meeting were paid. He was instructed to issue notices to delinquent members. Prof. G. H. Alden for the Executive Committee reported that plans were being perfected to increase the already deep interest in the meetings of the club. For October the committee plans a program on the subject, "Denominational Co-operation" with addresses by leading representatives of several denominations. This is one of the most practical things a Congregational Club can do, and ought not merely to be interesting, but possibly some practical outcome may be looked for. The A. Y. P. E. committee reported that they found so little interest among the Congregationalists of the city in a Congregational display at the fair that they decided to make no further effort to have a booth. Dr. Sydney Strong presented the "Outlook Paper," in which he outlined a plan which might make the work of our downtown and suburban churches better co-ordinated in the interests of economy and efficiency, especially in preventing overlapping and the conflicting tendencies which make it hard for a member of one church moving to the territory of another to decide where his place and work is. The address of the evening was a masterly presentation of the subject, "The New Social Order,' by Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, D.D., of our church at Walla Walla.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. R. B. Cherrington of Sunnyvale will read a paper before the Ministers' Meeting of San Francisco and vicinity on Monday next.

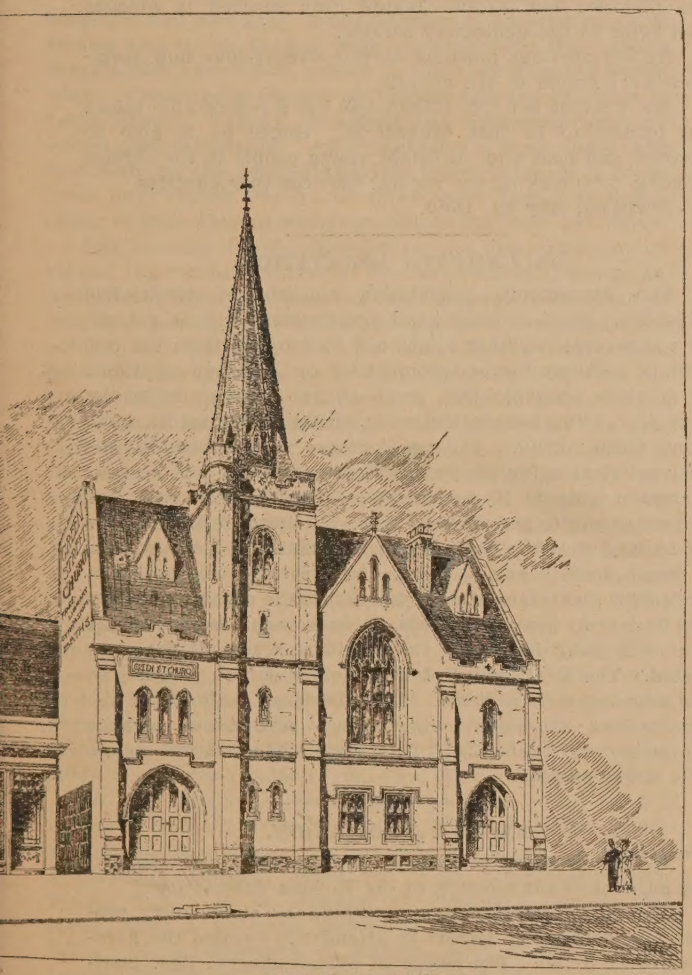
Superintendent Rathbone has just returned from Humboldt County and reports that the churches of that region are in the best condition they have been for years. He found especially strong work going forward at Eureka under the leadership of the new pastor, the Reverend H. E. Banham.

Rev. and Mrs. W. Ellsworth Lawson of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, are rejoicing over the arrival of a small boy whom they have named Wilbur Lougheed Lawson. He is the only one of their children who stands much chance of ever becoming president of the United States—the others having been born in Mexico!

On account of the holiday the attendance at the Ministers' Meeting of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday was very small. It was therefore decided to ask Mr. Fisher to postpone his paper on "The Development of the Moral Faculties" to some later date, when it might be convenient to him to present it.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.

The Green Street Congregational Church of San Francisco is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of its Sunday School this week. On Sunday morning special union services were held by the congregation and school, there being concert exercises and recitations by the children and a short address by the pastor, Rev. E. L. Walz. The school has grown from eight to eighty during the last three years, or since the great fire. The report for the past year showed 3,263 total attendance, a total enrollment of 115, the highest attendance being 80 and the smallest 51. There has been an increase of two classes, there now being 11 teachers. The receipts during the year were $147.34, and the expenditures $157.62. There is a balance on hand of $21.49. Presents were given to all scholars



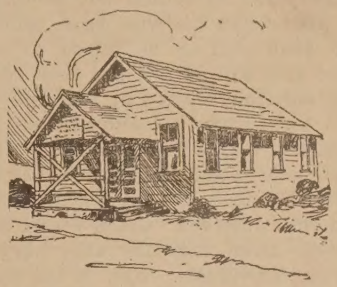
THE NEW CHURCH.
Designed by Francis W. Reid.

having been in attendance 49 sessions of the school during the year. This comprised most of the school, some having attended 49 Sundays. One boy memorized 219 Bible verses during the year. The services closed with anniversary song writen for the occasion by Prof. Buckham, and sung to the tune: "Portuguese Hymn."

In the light of Thy presence, with sunshine and song,
We welcome the day that has beckoned us long;
With praise and with gladness we lift our acclaim
To the Father of Light, and give praise to Thy name.

In Jubilee joy we look back o'er the years,
With their toil and their trial, their hopes and their fears,
As Church and as School we have learned of Thy ways,
And as pilgrims unite in one song to Thy praise.

Unscathed Thou hast brought us through earthquake and flame,
And taught us that loss may but bring deeper gain;

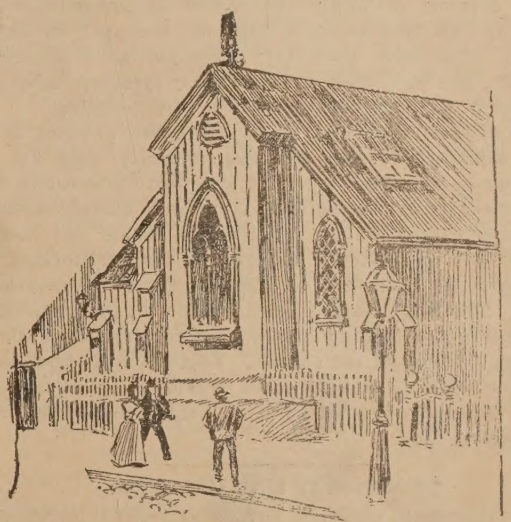


Temporary Building Occupied August, 1906.

By the way of the cross Thou had made us to know
The grace of the fellowship Love can bestow.

Not builded with hands is this temple of prayer,
But with faith and with hope and with love, ever fair;
Oh grant that devoted it ever may be
To draw men together and win them to Thee.

On Sunday evening a still larger number was present. There were reminiscences and messages from old members



Building Erected in 1865. Destroyed in Great Fire, 1906.

and a historical sketch of the Sabbath School from its beginning read by the Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. John W. Hatch.

The services are being continued during the week. On Wednesday evening, Rev. George C. Adams and his people of the First Congregational Church will join in a union prayer meeting. On Friday afternoon, there will be a reception to friends and visitors, to which all such are invited. In the evening, there will be a musicale led by Scagnettis' orchestra, and a large attendance is expected from the general public in the vicinity.

The erection of so substantial a building and the char-

acter of the work being done has gained the good will of the merchants and citizens of the North Beach district, and the outlook is very bright for the future of the church and school. The building is now nearly completed, only the gymnasium and bathing department remaining unfinished. The $5,000 gift contingent upon raising $6,000 more to pay off all indebtedness has been received, and the church will be finished at once, and will be dedicated free from debt later in the year. It should not be forgotten, however, that the pastor and his wife have made themselves responsible for $500 still to be raised to complete the $6,000, and that only $12 of this has been sent in as yet. If it is not received from friends by the time it is needed, they propose to borrow the amount and pay it back $25 each month from Mr. Walz's modest salary. There was not the general interest in raising the $6,000 that might be expected from our churches for so worthy an enterprise. Only a few churches observed "Green Street Sunday," and gifts from several large churches were very small, and these mostly from individuals. Now is the opportunity to help for those unable to help before. Can we not soon relieve these untiring workers from the strain and the worry and the burden under which they have staggered for the last three years. They are deriving no benefit from their toil, except the satisfaction of work well done and prospects of more and better work in the future, and have even been paying $25 per month rent since occupying the parsonage apartments. The confidence of the First Churches of San Francisco and Oakland in the importance and future of the work of the Green Street Church as evidenced by the interest of pastors and people and in large gifts has been of great value, and with the completion of a fire and earthquake defying building, guarantee its permanence and growth in the field which it has now occupied for half a century. The New York City Presbyterian churches in which Mr. and Mrs. Walz were formerly members have now contributed over $15,000 toward the new building.

One of the interesting things in the new building is the pulpit constructed from the one formerly used by Dr. Parkhurst in New York when he preached the sermons that awoke that city to cleanse itself from civic unrighteousness. The richly carved walnut hymnboards, choir rail newels, and the gas and electric fixtures in the auditorium are those formerly used by the Madison Square Presbyterian church. The large stained glass window in the auditorium representing the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers is also a gift from a friend of the church. There is still opportunity for other gifts of stained glass windows, to replace the present temporary colored glass. FRANCIS W. REID.

Berkeley, Cal.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The statement made in Report of Annual Meeting of Southern California Congregational Conference published in The Pacific of May 13th, viz: "On the new plan, the work which Mr. Case has been doing will be attended to by the Conference Superintendent and the pastor-at-large" is **utterly misleading.** The Congregational S. S. and Pub. Society has NOT vacated Southern California. Rev. H. P. Case is still its Superintendent for S. S. missionary work and will continue work in Southern California just as usual, always working in harmony with all Congregational activities and soliciting the usual Children's Day and other financial offerings from the Congregational constituency in Southern California. For the C. S. and P. S. Society,

H. P. CASE.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Last Sunday was a day of rejoicing on the part of all interested in the Pilgrim Congregational Church of this city. More than a year ago, under the efficient pastorate of Rev. D. T. Thomas, it became apparent that a new church home must be speedily secured, in order to accommodate the increasing attendance at the church, then called the Mississippi Avenue Church. Accordingly, a new location was secured at the corner of Shaver street and Missouri avenue, and the church went to work with a unity of purpose to build a new home. On account of the change of location a new name was chosen, as noted above. Last Sunday the new edifice was dedicated. The cost of the structure and ground, 100x100, was $13,000, and all bills are provided for, $1,300 having been secured in pledges just prior to the dedicatory service.

At the previous morning service twenty-four new members were added to the church.

Mr. Thomas is a fine singer, and has a remarkable talent for leadership in that connection. Hence he is able to instruct and lead a lot of bright young people in the service of song, thus making the regular services very effective.

Portland, May 29, 1909.

SACRAMENTO ASSOCIATION.

The Sacramento Association consists of twenty-five churches. Most of them have few members. It is a question if several churches might not be dropped from the roll with no real loss to the denomination or the kingdom either. It is quite probable that some change will occur in the next year. The association made substantial progress, however, during 1908. The net increase in membership was four per church for the year. The benevolence for the year increased from $1.30 per member to $1.65. It is true that the average gift per member from Northern California was $3.40, and that the Sacramento Association fell below this. It was a decided advance upon the previous year, however. Lodi built a substantial new church, that is capable of meeting its largely increased needs. Loomis began improvements that will bring it well to the forefront when all are completed. The total increased valuation in church property in the association is $19,000. Like the large majority of the associations, Sacramento is taking part in our advance movement in California. This year will doubtless see a still larger advance.

TACOMA ASSOCIATION.

We are indebted to Rev. G. N. Edwards for the following account of the meeting of the Tacoma Association:

Sixteen churches were represented by about forty pastors and delegates. Others in attendance swelled the numbers to 80 or 90. The pastor of Sylvan church, Rev. Bentley, made arrangements for a special boat (the Tyrus) to take the people from Tacoma on Tuesday, May 18, and a goodly number availed themselves of the opportunity. Beautiful weather and surroundings and most profitable entertainment made the meetings a delightful episode for all who attended. The church at Sylvan is all in all to Fox Island and the people spared nothing in making this first visit of the Association a constant pleasure. The meetings were marked for their good fellowship and spiritual uplift.

Rev. S. S. Healey of the East Congregational Church, Tacoma, was chosen Moderator, W. C. Wheeler of First

Church, Tacoma, Assistant Moderator, and Rev. G. N. Edwards of Puyallup Scribe. On the first day addresses were heard on "The Country Church," by H. M. Painter, who has lately come to take the Steilacoom church from seven years' service in eastern Washington, and knows whereof he speaks; on "Our Missionary Work In and About Foochow, China," by Miss Martha Wiley; on "The Church and the New Local Option Law," by Boyd P. Doty, superintendent of the Washington Anti-Saloon League. In the evening a sermon of intense interest was preached by Rev. Edwin Moore of Lake View and Spanaway on the text, "It is finished." The prayer and fellowship service which followed led by H. E. Hunt of Doty was a rare season of personal heart-to-heart talks in which nearly all present participated.

At the business session the next morning R. A. Cunningham was dismissed to the Northwest Association, S. S. Healey and H. M. Painter were received from the Eastern Washington Association, and G. N. Edwards from the Northwest. The Pilgrim Church of Tacoma and the churches at Long Branch, Vaughn, Rosedale and Glenwood were received into fellowship. After statements from those who had been on the ground and the presentation of a letter from Rev. Joseph Boren, for three years pastor at Steilacoom, it was voted to withdraw fellowship from Mr. Boren.

The remarks by Mr. Scudder on the new campaign reviewed the recent progress of the State and of Tacoma Association in particular, showing 210 Congregational churches now in Washington. The largest increase in churches and edifices for the past year has been in this association. Several other churches have been organized, but were not yet formally ready to be received. The amount set for Washington for Home Missions, over $13,000 for the year ending March 31, 1909, was raised by a splendid rally at the close. For next year the apportionment is $1.00 per member, for Home Missions; $3.65 for all missions. He asked that this be raised by Jan. 1, 1910, that the Home Missionary year may hereafter begin with the calendar, and that beginning with next year the Home Missionary offering be taken in the spring rather than the fall. This change is rendered necessary by the State going on a self-supporting basis at the end of 1910. Dr. Green told of the recent victories of the Sunday School Society and stated that this society must have $3,000 from Washington this year for there must be no retrenchment and the national society has cut its apportionment to $2,500. An interesting Bible Study was conducted by Rev. W. G. Olinger of Roy.

At the afternoon session there were a series of fine addresses and the ordination of H. E. Hunt, acting pastor of the church at Doty. E. T. Ford, of Tacoma First, read a valuable historical paper on "What Congregationalism Stands For." H. B. Hendley of Plymouth Church, Tacoma, gave a practical discussion of "The Church that Wins." J. S. Ellsworth, of Tacoma First, spoke in illuminating fashion of "The Sense of Sin in Modern Life," and W. M. Upcraft of Long Branch closed the series with an earnest talk on "Revivals and their Significance Today."

At the evening session S. S. Healey of Tacoma gave an address on "Living the Christian Life," which declared emphatically for the possibility of living the highest ideals of Christ in this present life. This was followed by the Communion Service, conducted by Messrs. Edwards of Puyallup and Upcraft of Long Branch.

Miss Mary Burgess, sister of Mrs. E. T. Ford, of Tacoma, added much more to the enjoyment of the meetings by her frequent solos. It was decided to accept the invitation to the church at Kalama for the next meeting of the association.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for June 13—The Noble Life of Frances Willard. Prov. 31: 10, 17-20, 25, 26, 29-31.

The Temperance Committee will be able to make a most interesting meeting of this topic, if they busy themselves early enough to get the biography of Miss Willard into the hands of the members, letting each bring a paragraph of interest to themselves. These books are generally obtainable from the libraries, and members of the W. C. T. U. who seldom fail of having some record of the noble woman who led the hosts of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters in the onslaught against the saloon, the common foe of our civilization. Consult Miss A. Gordon's books, The Beautiful Life of Frances E. Willard, and, What Frances Willard Said; also, Miss Jane Stewart's, The Frances Willard Book, and Gertrude S. Leavitt's pamphelt,, The Story of Frances E. Willard (15 cets.). The writer of these Notes had, but once, the privilege of listening to this remarkably gifted speaker, and out of a two hour speech recalls but one thing. It was in answer to that inevitable objection that "Prohibition does not prohibit" that Miss Willard said in substance: "When men are hunting for jackals, they kill a great many, and the rest are driven into the depths of the forest. We may not be able to clear out every saloon, but we can hit the liquor traffic so hard that its sellers will skulk out of sight, and sell their baneful stuff in hiding.

The passage, Prov. 31: 10-31, is an alphabetical poem, i. e., each verse in the Hebrew begins with a letter of the Hebrew alphabet. It is not therefore the description of any particular woman, but the setting forth of the ideal woman, the housewife. As such, it is well worth the careful memorizing by both the young men and young women, that the former may have some ideal whereby to choose a life companion, and the latter that they may be stimulated to get the best out of their own natures.

"A worthy woman who can find?" (verse 10) That need not be taken to imply that such are scarce. They may have been in King Lemuel's time, when women were denied the rights of education and their equal positions in the household. Today our colleges are full of them, and hundreds are to be found scattered throughout the land. The choice of such an one is the most important matter.

The worth of women must be measured by the positions they can really fill. Miss Willard was worthy to be a great leader, and inspire the hosts of temperance workers to the battle. If she can today look on the field of her earthly labors, what rejoicings must fill her soul. The great wave of temperance sweeping through our land is the result of the training, the thoughts, the ideals, instilled into the babes of Miss Willard's generation. These are the voters, the business men, the mothers, who are clearing the saloons from state after state of the Union, and making the flag a "Stainless Flag."

But most of our girls are called to fill the position of wife and mother, and it is just as important to be worthy in that calling as in that of a temperance leader. We need a school to educate worthy housewives, and especially worthy mothers.

The greatest reward on earth is within the grasp of every girl if she will but merit it. Life has many votive offerings to lay at the feet of those who excel. But life

passes rapidly and the years do not often bring the kind of satisfaction we expect from them. If in the end the words of v. 28-29 can come to the ears of any woman, blessed is she: "Verily I say unto you, she hath her reward."

THE HOME

THE CLOUDS OF GOD.

The city is full of labor
And struggle and strife and care,
The fever-pulse of the city
Is throbbing in all the air;
But calm through the sunlit spaces
And calm through the starlit sky,
Forever over the city
The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of passion
And shame and anger and sin,
Of hearts that are dark and evil,
Of souls that are black within;
But white as the robes of angels
And pure through the wind-swept sky,
Forever over the city
The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of sorrow,
And tears that are shed in vain;
By day and night there rises
The voice of its grief and pain
But soft as a benediction
They bend from the vault on high,
And over the sorrowful city
The clouds of God go by.

O eyes that are old with vigil!
O hearts that are dim with tears!
Look up from the path of sorrow
That measures itself in years,
And read in the blue above you
The peace that is ever nigh,
While over the troubled city
The clouds of God go by.

—Robert Clarkson Tongue.

LOYAL HEARTS.

By Eleanor P. Stone.

A quaint, old-fashioned garden with smooth, well-kept lawns, and borders full of sweet flowers such as our grandmothers loved.

The air was fragrant with the perfume of roses, honeysuckle, carnations, and clove-pinks.

A charming spot, with many a shady nook and rustic seat overhung with blossoms.

About the house, too, the roses and honeysuckle climbed, filling the rooms with their subtle odor.

The French windows were thrown wide open, for the day had been hot and sultry, and it was refreshing to catch a glimpe of the fountain in the centre of the lawn sending up glittering drops in the rays of the setting sun, while the dripping water fell upon the fern fronds at its base.

The Mistress of Retterby Court stood at the window and watched it meditatively.

She was a woman of thirty-five, her figure not too slight for strength, her movements free and graceful.

A stranger would have found it difficult to guess her age. The gray eyes were almost girlish in their bright, merry expression, but the brow was broad and well developed, and the cheeks had lost the roundness of early youth. The sunny brown hair was untouched by the hand of Time.

Her lips were full and sweet, the chin round and firm. Such was the mistress of Fetterby Court.

Honor Denvers was a woman anyone would be proud to call friend, for she was strong and true, with a wealth of womanly gentleness and tenderness in her nature.

Her companions were her cousin Freda, a bonny girl of twelve, and a little old lady sitting near with knitting in her hand. This was Miss Judith Denvers, Honor's aunt, who kept glancing furtively at Honor over her spectacles with shrewish eyes and compressed lips.

Two years before, when Retterby Court had been bequeathed to Honor, and a substantial income with it, she had dutifully sought out all her impecunious relatives, intending to do her best for them.

Miss Judith she found living in an almshouse, almost sick unto death, and she was nursed back to health at Retterby Court.

But Miss Judith had become querulous and peevish, and feared that her neice would one day marry and she would be cast adrift once more.

The little girl, Freda, was an orphan, and the child simply adored her cousin; there was no one in the world like Honor in her estimation.

Miss Judith's voice broke the silence. "Won't you sit down? But perhaps you are expecting Mr. Dallas?" Miss Judith's cunning eyes watched the effect of her words. "You know he comes every evening. In fact, if anyone did not know your age and his they might think there was something more than friendship between you. But, of course, he is only a boy."

"He is twenty-three," Honor answered, steadily. "And Clifford is no boy. He is a manly young fellow, and has the kindest heart that ever beat. I never wish for a truer friend than Clifford Dallas."

"Oh, certainly; it's absurd for anyone to think you would marry a lad like that. He is so kind-hearted and chivalrous—just the one to offer to marry a woman who had passed her first youth. But then, dear Honor, we know you are not the one to permit such a sacrafice, or to be misled, and to believe a young man like Mr. Dallas would prefer to marry a woman of thirty-seven when there are fresh young——"

"I am not thirty-seven, Aunt, only thirty-five."

"Oh!—well, really I forgot. Some women over thirty try to look so girlish, and you never do that—you look quite your age, in fact a little more—"

But Freda interrupted with impetuous vehemence, declaring Honor looked not a day older than twenty-eight.

But Miss Judith was not to be silenced.

"Wrinkles and crow's feet are only too evident when one reaches thirty. A man of twenty-eight is young, with the best of his life before him; but when Mr. Dallas arrives at that age Honor will be forty, and a woman of forty is fast growing old, the best of her life is gone.

But Honor saw that Freda was ready for a pitched battle, and she led her into the garden.

"She's an old wretch!" exclaimed the child, bitter feelings rankling in her heart.

"We will think no more about her," answered Honor, lightly. "See, there is Rover ready for a scamper."

She wished just then to be alone, and she had the satisfaction of seeing Freda racing off to the meadows beyond, the coolie bounding beside her.

Then Honor turned her steps wearily to a shady alley with broad grassy path, an avenue of lime trees meeting overhead, and bordered on either side with great waving ferns. It led to a tiny lake with a rustic arbor on its banks.

It was to this green bower that Honor wended her way.

Within, a large mirror was so placed as to reflect the little lake with its drooping willows and fern-fringed banks.

But Honor was not thinking of the beauties of nature.

She went straight to the mirror and stood for some time earnestly regarding her own face and form.

"She is right," she admitted, sadly. "I am no longer young, but I'd forgotten it—or rather, never realized it before. The lines are here," bending forward anxiously. "Yes, across the forehead, and at the corners of the eyes, and"—lifting aside the clustering curls about her ears—"yes' there are hollows here, and the cheeks are no longer round. How foolish I have been! He is young, and so good—so very good; it was just like him to pity my loneliness. But in ten years' time? He would still be kind—always kind, and even affectionate, but deep down in his heart—oh, I could not bear it! I could not bear it!"

She sat down with her back to the mirror; it had told too true a tale.

In the distance, across the green meadows, with their patches of golden buttercups, she saw a tall, athletic figure approaching.

"He will be here soon. He must never know that I cared," she murmured, forcing a smile as she went out to meet him. But the color did not return to her cheeks, and the shadows still encircled the gray eyes.

He looked at her critically, with a kindly, affectionate glance, as he took the soft, white hand in his strong brown one, and held it longer, much longer than was necessary.

"What's up?" he asked, cheerily, but not without some anxiety in his tone. "Got a headache?"

She withdrew her hand gently. "Oh, it's the heat, perhaps," she said, airly—"or Aunt Judith," with a gay laugh.

"Aunt Judith!"

He seated himself beside her, and she felt his gaze bent upon her. Presently he said, "I wish you could get rid of Miss Judith."

"Impossible. Even if it were possible, you know it would not be right. Hers has been such a loveless life. She is greatly to be pitied. There is no way of escaping Aunt Judith." And she tried to speak lightly.

But he rose and stood before her.

"There is one way," he interposed eagerly. "Honor, come to my home—be my wife. I would shelter and protect you from all these trials, and if my love could not avert all unpleasantness, it should at least strengthen you to bear any troubles."

His voice trembled with intense feeling, but she thought it was only his tender, manly heart touched with a desire to shield a lonely woman, and she would not raise her eyes to his.

Ah! if she had only lifted them for a moment she would not have doubted. But she clenched her trembling hands to conceal her emotion.

"I know how good you would be. Have we not been the dearest friends? But this could never be—never! Why I am years and years older than you. It could only end in bitter disappointment."

She meant disappointment for him, but he misconstrued her meaning, and thought he came short of her ideal.

The blow was heavy, for in his heart he knew he loved her with a man's whole-hearted passion; but he was too unselfish to speak of his own pain; he kept it heroically in the background.

"You may be right," he admitted, sadly. "Doubtless, I may seem young—unformed in character—when you compare me with other men you know—men nearer your own age."

The words rushed to her lips—words of assurance that he was all, everything that she could desire; that she could never compare him with others, because in her heart he reigned supreme—her king, her lord. But she crushed them back. Better for him, far better, that they should never be spoken.

He turned to go.

"I think I'll not come up to the house this evening. Good-bye."

He took her hand, and after a moment's hesitation, he held it in a stronger, warmer clasp within his own.

"God bless you, dear," he murmured, brokenly. "Now and always, God bless you!"

She had made the great renunciation. He was gone, and she was left like a storm-tossed mariner, beaten about by wind and wave, and cast, bruised and bleeding and lonely, upon the barren rocks.

Three years passed away.

* * * * * * *

At Petterby Court time had touched Honor with light and loving fingers, leaving scarcely a trace of its flight.

As she sat one spring evening with an open letter in her hand, one might have thought but a day had passed since that summer night when self had found no place in her calculations.

The letter was from an old school friend, and a portion of it ran thus:

"We met a gentleman here last week who has an estate near Petterby Court. Perhaps you know him. His name is Clifford Dallas.

"We first made his acquaintance eighteen months ago when we were at a hotel in Paris, and he was so exceedingly kind to a young lady staying there with her father.

"I did not like the girl at all; she seemed like an adventuress, but she took a violent fancy to me.

"Her father died, and she was in great trouble, and quite friendless. Mr. Dallas was so good to her.

"She admitted to me afterwards that she told him the guests were coupling their names together, and it was compromising her good name.

"I'm convinced she wheedled round him intentionally, and he married her because she was young and unprotected. Just like his chivalry! Last week, when we came to this hotel at Ilfrancombe I met him again, but so terribly changed, I did not recognize him at first; his hair is quite gray. And his wife with him, **and hopelessly intoxicated.**

"I heard afterwards that he has had a terrible life, and she has even dragged his honor in the dust. This is not the end of the story. Yesterday she poisoned herself while under the influence of drink.

"I feel sure you have mentioned the name of Dallas years ago in your letters, and you will probably feel interested. He seems a splendid fellow."

So this was the reason of his long absence from his old

home—so that his friends might not know of his wife's shame and disgrace.

How full of suffering and sorrow the world was!

Was there really a higher Power guiding the affairs of men!

Everything seemed such a hopeless tangle.

She looked out upon the scene before her.

Away in the distance the hedges were putting on their spring garments of young and tender green, and here and there an apple tree showered its shell-like petals in the air.

The laburnums shook their golden trails against the rich background of the copper-bench, and the lilac bushes were covered with white and purple blossoms.

The world was very lovely.

There was a chirping and twittering of young birds about the house, and she watched an anxious mother-bird providing for her young.

Yes, there was One who cared for the least of His creatures.

She had tried to do the right, and she knew—she was quite confident Clifford had done the same, and so all would be well.

* * * * * * *

Eighteen months have flown, and once again golden summer reigns.

At Retterby Court the air is laden with the perfume of roses and honeysuckle.

Down by the little lake Freda Danvers is lost in a daydream.

Freda at seventeen is only a somewhat larger edition of Freda at twelve. She is still the warm-hearted, impulsive child she always was.

"Here's a man coming over the meadow. What can he want? What does he look like? Tall, straight, strong, bread. Firm step, not very young, quite gray. Pleasant face, but sad. Now for it. He's going to apologize."

He stood regarding the girl's freckled face with a gleam of amusement in his dark eyes.

"I cannot hope that the years have dealt so kindly with me as with you, Miss Freda. I should recognize you anywhere. Have you quite forgotten Clifford, your old friend?"

The girl's face lit up with delight. "Is it really—can it be Clifford—I mean—Mr. Dallas?" she stammered.

"But why 'mister'?" he laughed. "I never used to be 'mistered' years ago." And the dark eyes wandered restlessly towards the green fern-fringed alley.

"Honor is out walking. She'll be sorry," said his companion.

"Ah! She is well, I hope?"

"Quite well. Aunt Judith is no more. Perhaps you heard."

"Yes. You would miss her."

The girl's eyes gleamed mischievously.

"Ah, indeed, we did! Why, she used to make Honor wretched. I remember how horrid she was just before you went abroad. She advised Honor to remember how old she was, and how ugly and worn, and that you were so kind-hearted that you would actually marry her out of pity. Now, wasn't it horrid of her? As if either of you would ever think of love and that sort of thing! Why, it was the way to separte friends, wasn't it. And Honor thought so much of you.'

The wily little woman glanced at her companion's face and saw it was paler than she had ever seen a man's face before.

He stayed her hand as she was about to toss a stone into the rippling water, and leading her to the shady arbor, sat down beside her.

"Freda, your words are of more importance to me than you know. Years ago I loved your cousin. Nay, I love her now with all the strength of my manhood. But she would not marry me. Surely, surely, she was not influenced by her aunt's arguments?"

But Freda sprang to her feet.

"I only know if I loved an angel like Honor I'd try more than once to win her," scornfully. "Why, what do you know of my Honor? She would sacrifice her own happiness any day for the sake of another. I tell you she thought a lot of you, and when the news of your marriage came, and she saw it in the paper, I shall never forget her face. I hated you then!" cried this warm-hearted little comrade. "Only, somehow, one can't hate you for long," ruefully.

"Hush!"

The girl was gone like a flash, and down the green alley came swiftly a white-robed figure.

Ah! how he remembered every turn of the head, every gracious movement!

She stood before him at last, and he saw her hand suddenly pressed to her heart to still its beating.

She recognized him instantly in spite of the gray hair, and the lines care and suffering had left on the bronzed face.

And then the strong, yearning arms were held out to her.

"Honor! Honor!"

He might say no other word. But when she saw his face she hesitated no longer, but went and placed her hands upon his shoulders, and her dear head rested near that true and faithful heart.—London S. S. Times.

Young People

LITTLE BROWN THRUSH.

Little Brown Thrush was very sad indeed. He sat on the topmost branch of a low maple tree and peeped in the saddest tone possible—for he was so tired of the brown coat and vest that he always wore, and his eyes were full of envy as he gazed at an Oriole on the nearest tree. The Oriole was singing a merry little tune and did not even stop as the sad little bird hopped up to him and said: "What makes you coat such a beautiful color?"

"Because I am so happy," trilled the Oriole, and, having ended his tune, flew away to another tree, where Brown Thrush heard him beginning another joyous song.

"There, I can never have anything but my ugly brown coat," said the sad little bird to himself, "for I am so unhappy that I can do nothing but weep," and away he hopped into the darkest shadow of an old pine tree. And the wind, whistling through the tree, made a noise which sounded to little Brown Thrush like "U-g-l-y! ugly-u-g-l-y!"

"Why so sad?" peeped a cheerful little voice, and Brown Thrush, looking out into the sunshine, saw a happy little figure all dressed in bright blue. It was his friend Blue Jay, and never had his blue suit looked so beautiful as it did this day to the forlorn bird. "Blue Jay," he peeped, and his voice sounded like a sob, "why are you so merry, and what makes your coat so blue?" The Blue Jay's trill seemed like a peal of laughter.

"What a funny bird you are, Brown Thrush! Your question is so easy; because the sky and water are so blue," and away he flew.

For several minutes Brown Thrush pondered over Blue Jay's answer, then a happy thought struck him. As swiftly as possible he flew to the river and, yes, it was as Blue Jay had told him. The sky was a bright blue and seemed to make the water just its color. He would dip down into it and perhaps his old brown coat would turn blue.

In went one little foot. My! But it was cold! But what did it matter? He was brave and he wanted a bright coat so much. In went his whole body, even his head, and his eyes were so filled with water that it was some time before he was able to see whether or not his coat had turned blue. But his cold plunge was in vain. The water had made his coat even darker, and as he flew away to find a place to warm himself he heard a Frog croak: "It's brown; it's brown; it's brown."

Brown Thrush's disappointment was so great that he did not even notice that he had perched on a high post near a Robin, and it was only when he heard a cheerful "What's the trouble, Brown Thrush?" that he turned his head.

"Where did you get your bright red vest?" he sobbed out, and the Robin, hopping about from one twig to another, said: "Cheer up; just see how red the sun is!" Brown Thrush looked at the sun preparing to sink in the west, and it looked like a great ball of fire. For a moment he felt almost happy, for he thought that at last he would get his wish.

He would fly as near the sun as possible and surely its bright hue would color his vest red; and without stopping to say good-bye he started for his journey to the sun. He flew, and flew, and flew, and seemed to get no nearer. In fact, the sun seemed to be getting farther away, for it had grown more dim and was now only a delicate pink. But still he flew on. It seemed so hard for him to breathe, and he closed his eyes for a little while, just to rest them. When he opened them and looked around the sun had almost disappeared and little light clouds were trying to cover it up entirely. He was so tired that he was scarcely able to move his wings. All he could do was to spread them out and sink to the earth. And what a long journey it had been! And how happy he thought he would be when his feet touched the brown earth! "Why, I will always love brown after this!" he said.

Down, down, down he went until at last his feet touched the soft grass. Feebly he hopped to the river and dipped his beak into the cool water. How good it tasted! And before he knew it he was singing a little song of thankfulnss.

"How beautifully you sing!" croaked the Frog, and Brown Thrush, just to show how much better he could do, warbled on still more sweetly. Then away he flew to the old pine tree. "Whoo, whoo, whoo!" called an Owl from the branch of a tree. "Whoo?" echoed the bird; "why, I'm little Brown Thrush, and I'm tired, and sleepy, but oh! so happy to be at home once more. "Welcome, welcome! whistled the Wind, and the Evening Star seemed to look down and smile as Brown Thrush sat contentedly on the branch, singing loud and clear his happy good-night.

—Sophy S. Smith.

HARRY'S MISSIONARY POTATO.

"I cannot afford it," said John Hale, the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions.

Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

"But the poor heathen," he replied. "Is it not too bad they cannot have churches and school houses and books?"

"What do you know about the heathen?" exclaimed the old man, testily. "Do you wish me to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it."

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said: "Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the Missionary Board, will you give a potato?"

"A potato?" ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

"Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years?"

"O, yes!" replied the unsuspecting grandparent, settling his glasses on his calculating nose in such a way that showed he was glad to escape on such cheap terms from the lad's persecution.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing nine; these, the following season, became a peck; the next, seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo, the potato had increased to seventy bushels. And, when sold, the amount realized was put with a glad heart into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed: 'Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato, or something else as productive, for the cause, there would be quite a large sum gathered."—Friend for Boys and Girls.

YOUR NICHE.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill,
And it waits to-day
Along life's way
For the boy with a frank "I will."
So, lad, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche in the world for you, my girl,
A corner for you to fill;
For a girl that is kind,
With a pure, sweet mind,
A place that is waiting still.
So, lass, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you both in the world, my dears,
A corner for you to fill
And a work to do
Which no one but you
In God's great plan can fulfill.
So, dears, be true;
The world wants you,
And your place is waiting still.

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